

This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the birth in 1767 of Andrew Jackson, conqueror of the British at New Orleans and twice President. He was known as "Old Hickory" and his life story reads like a romance. He fought many duels and was one of the inspiring figures of his day.

Man With X-Ray Eyes

THE STRANGEST STORY YOU EVER READ.

Lucien Confides to Baron Plucke How He First Came to Realize He Had X-Ray Eyes

old when I started back with a gesture of horror:

"Another one!"

"And this time I fell fainting on the floor."

Lucien Delorme stopped a moment to take breath; then, while Baron Pluche looked at him anxiously, thinking himself in the presence of a madman, he continued:

"Night had come when, a few hours later, I recovered my senses."

"I was lying with my head covered by a thick wedge, I felt sore all over. My forehead ached confusedly. My ideas were confused, and I vainly sought to regain a little clearness of mind."

"I tried to move, and my soft hand was met by some burning fingers, while my cousin's voice murmured:

"Don't stir, Lucien! Don't speak, the accident. We are taking care of you in our house. Your mother arrived just now. We telegraphed to her. Oh, my poor cousin, what a fright you gave us when you were picked up in the janitor's room!"

"I saw your face covered with blood. Dr. Tremereux, who came at once, feared convulsion of the brain."

"Here he comes now," interrupted my aunt.

"The door was closing upon the physician who, approaching my bed, leaned over me."

"Let me see your wrist, are this evening."

"No agitation! Good."

"Give me your wrist. Excellent!"

"Oh, don't deprive me of little Miss West!" protested Jim. "I'd never get on with my sister as long as I'm tyrannized over her shamelessly. I'm—used to Miss West."

"Miss West—that's the pretty, original little creature out at your place, isn't it?" I asked thoughtlessly.

But as Jim and Terry turned quickly to study me a memory came back to me, and I repeated the words the day I told him I was on for the dinner hour at the canteen—"In case I do console myself by taking a beautiful lady out to dinner—"

—When Jim intervened in his secretary, and was Mr. Norreys, in friendship for me, going to put temptation out of my husband's way?

To Be Continued.

some town, and a special visit for the day. I did not know her, for she had not been there before during the war. I met the farmer and his family seemed to know her, for when she lived "next farm" a few years before. She wore a pretty old city dress, the envy of all the admiring women.

"She stayed for two meals," old Skinfint began, "and not a darn dish did she offer to wash. I tell you, she was the best of 'em. I never notice how all the country folks pitched in and helped the misbegut."

But he had voiced his protest a bit sooner than he intended, for Miss Scott had not gone, as he supposed. She stepped in from the hall and faced old Skinfint. Had he been talking about her? He noticed that Miss Scott's face told him she was the best of 'em. What she told him happened back in his memory when I read what Miss Scott said. Well, it was something like this:

"See here," she snapped. "I came to you for a family recreation and diversion. I have seen you and your family urged me again and again to visit you. I wore my only best dress and that is silk. I came from the country and I came calling in a showy dress. I did not mind pitching in and helping the misbegut, but I certainly will not wash dishes. When I'm wearing my best, hard-up, and my guests my best."

Needless to say, that ended Miss Scott's relations with the farmer and his family, but I came to know her quite well. She was the first who had to leave her home before each morning to get to work on time. That meant that she had to come about noon. She also came to find out that Miss Scott was quite religious, and she did not approve of doing any work on the Sabbath that could be put off until the morning.

A good hostess never allows her guest to be annoyed in so far as she is able to prevent it. And a comfort to cannot look out for the comfort of others should not attempt to entertain. A particularly good hostess whom I know manages to entertain without a word about her own home. Her husband earns only a moderate salary. Yet when she has a few guests on Sunday evening once a month, we are all hoping for invitations.

In the morning, the number of her guests. Besides herself and her husband there are usually four others. She limits her menu to a salad, a quick bread, and an easy-to-serve dessert. A salad or a chafing dish concoction is the piece de resistance, and when you have a very necessary dish upon the table, a sufficient water and butter balls and everything else to relieve your weariness of the necessity of jumping up from the table and going about to come to the point in some joke you are telling.

Black cloth which has become a thing of the past, approved by the application of spirit and soap. Place a little into a piece of flannel and rub well into the cloth. The disagreeable smell is easily removed by the use of the piece to the open air for a short time.

And broken wordfell from my lips.
Skeltons! skeltons!
everywhere! • • • walking on
the sidewalk • • • drinking
carriages • • • on all the
stories of the houses. • • •
"My cries of alarm had caused a
natural stir in the street."
And I said: "I love him and
know my love is reciprocated."
I asked my man to go and see
him, but I refused owing to the fact
that we are of different religions.
I said: "I am a Jew, and he is a
Christian."
Now do you think it would be proper
for me to write this man and try to
get him to have a religious con-
fession, as I do believe that our religion
will keep us apart?
CONFERENCE

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"I darted toward her:
"Help!"

sweetly: "It is a moth. And that
isn't butter; it's margarine. Other-